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**The Lodging-house  
cat songster**

**London**

**[18--]**

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

# THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT, SONGSTER:



## Contents

THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT.  
APARTMENTS TO LET.  
ANNIE DEAR, GOOD-BYE.  
A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO  
AM I RIGHT—OR ANY OTHER  
MAN?  
AN ANGEL FORM.  
All Nature salutes the new day.  
BONNIE BESSIE GRAY.  
BEAUTIFUL STAR.  
BILLY PATTISON,  
COME SIT THEE DOWN.  
COME INTO THE GARDEN  
MAUDE.  
DIDN'T SHE SEEM to Like it.  
HAZEL DELL,

OH! FIE, MISS SMART.  
HOW'S YOUR POOR FEET.  
I REALLY COULDN'T HELP  
IT.

1851. and 1862.  
I'M TOO FAT TO DO IT.  
I KNOW A BANK.  
IN SILENCE SAD Heart Go.  
JOE IN THE COPPER.  
MOTHER HE'S GOING away.  
MY VILLAGE HOME.  
MACBETH-BEWITCHED.  
MARY'S POLICEMAN.  
NIL DESPERANDUM.  
OR ANY OTHER GAL.  
OLD TOWLER.  
OH, WOULD SHE BUT  
NAME THE DAY,

SALLY SLY-  
ROSE OF HAZELDEEN.  
ROVERS, RULERS OF THE  
SEA.  
SNOW WHITE BLOSSOMS.  
STARS OF THE SUMMER  
NIGHT.  
THE SNEEZE.  
THE POWER OF LOVE.  
THE GLORIOUS VINTAGE  
OF CHAMPAGNE.  
THE YOUNG RECRUIT.  
THERE WAS A TIME.  
THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.  
THE SAILOR BOYS DREAM  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING  
ON SUNDAY.  
TOASTS & C.

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[illegible]

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## NEW COLLECTION OF SONG.

### COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUDE.

Sung by Ms. JONK LOWRY.

Music published by him at 115A Old Street,  
FINSBURY.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the blackest night has dawn—  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I'm here at the gate alone,  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown,  
For a breeze-morning move,  
And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daisies,  
So faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light and to die,  
And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music played in the hall,  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood that is dearer than all,  
Queen rose of the rosebud, garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done;  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls  
Queen, lilly, and rose, in one;  
Shine out little maid, spinning cover with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their Sun,  
There has fallen asleep the rose,  
From the position where at the gate,  
She is coming to give us her dear,  
She is coming to give us her dear,  
The red rose cries "She is near, she is near,"  
And the white rose whispers "She is late,"  
The larkspur listens "I hear, I hear,"  
And the lilly whispers "I wait,"  
She is coming, my own, my sweet  
Were it ever so late and so late,  
My heart would hear her and wait,  
Were it ever so late and so late,  
My dust would hear her and wait,  
Had I lain for a century dead,  
Would start and kneel and kiss her feet,  
And blossom as purple and red.

### THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

Sung by W. J. Williamson.

On the midnight ocean, slumbering,  
A youthful sailor lies,  
While scenes of happy childhood  
In his dreaming soul arise,  
Still chiming, seems the sabbath bell,  
As sweetly as of yore,  
And once again he roams the fields  
And sees his cottage door,  
In her arms his mother folds him

With affection's fond caress,  
His gentle bright-eyed sister too,  
In rapture round him press,  
His aged father meets him—  
And his young companions come  
To welcome him—once more for what  
The dear delights of home—  
To welcome him—once more for what  
The dear delights of home—  
To welcome him—once more for what  
The dear delights of home—

Hark! what wild shrieks dispel his dream  
Where sounds those cries of woe?  
With the storm loud thunders mingle,  
Over the ship the billows flow,  
From his hammock starts the sailor,  
He rushes to the deck,  
The vessel walls with lightning's glare,  
He thinks a burning wreck,  
And as the winds have riven  
The sailor madly sings,  
His heart's pining knell of death  
The loudest loudly rings,  
All is dark and drear around,  
Not a star beams o'er the wave,  
Not a spirit's beam  
To the sailor's shroudless grave,  
As ocean spirals,  
On never at the cottage heard,  
Shall he again be seen,  
Not his playmates merrily  
To sport upon the green,  
In vain for him the birds shall sing  
The hawthorn deck the tree—  
For slumbering on the sand he lies  
Beneath the swelling sea,  
Oh where are happy childhood's scenes—  
Where now the chiming bell  
The fields over which he used to stray—  
The cot he loved so well,  
For ever lost, yet still he finds  
A home of peace and joy,  
Where neither stormy wind nor wave  
Can wreck the sailor boy.  
Where peace,

### THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

RECITATIVE.

Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain!  
Orynthia, Echo hears and calls again.  
A mimic voice repeats the name around,  
And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cries,  
As way-worn and faint up the mountain I press,  
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,  
And pronounced his call as my companion of rest.  
Ah! say courteous father, right onward I rove,  
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love.  
"Yet farry, my son, till the burning noon pass,  
Let boughs of the lemon tree abate thy heat,  
The juice of ripe muscadels flows in my glasses  
And rushes fresh pull'd for Siesta the spread  
"Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,  
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love."



## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### Mary's Policeman.

Written & Sung by MR. RIGHTON.  
Music at L'ENFANT, Rathbone Place.

Kind friends pray pay attention and my  
woes I will relate,  
And although it may seem rather queer,  
It's all true what I state.  
I'm a man of education, likewise you  
will see that  
'm not a common sort of chap, but a  
reg'lar barristocrat.  
And a fortin' I'd a made, as I'm a know-  
ing blade,  
And up to many rummy tricks, tho' I  
never learnt a trade,  
But ven e'er good luck I see, it's allus  
drew away from me,  
'Cos a P'liceman with oig whiskers  
takes a sly glance at me.

Now v'y I fears that P'liceman's glance  
very quickly will be seen;  
I once put on some soldier's clothes and  
passed for a horse marine.  
I made strong love to a servant gal, ven  
she fetched her master's beer,  
Though I know'd she'd got a Policeman  
for her true lover.  
At the area gate one night, ven ve  
thought it was all right,  
She brought me out a cold meat pie, but  
started with afright,  
The cause of her alarm I turned round  
to see,  
Wh'n Mary's P'liceman with big whis-  
kers took a sly glance at me.

Next I thought to make some cash by  
pertendin' to be blind,  
I had a dog tied to a string vich I slow-  
ly walk'd behind,  
"I'm blind" was wrote upon a card, my  
dog he had a tin,  
Vich he carried in his mouth for folks to  
put the money in.  
With closed eyes I went my round, ven  
I thought I heard a sound,  
Like a shilling drop into the tin of my  
poor faithful hound.  
I slowly open'd my right eye, a shilling  
thought to see,  
But instead of a bright shilling, Mary's  
Bobby glanced at me.

Then I put on sailor's clothes, tied my  
arm in a sling,  
And fasten'd on a wooden leg, vich look-  
ed like the real thing,  
I talk'd about my wounds & scars, and  
sung about the sea,  
'Cos English folks for poor sailors have  
always sympathy.  
A lady came along who listen'd to my  
song,  
Vich made her cry 'cos my voice if not  
sweet is strong,  
She then offered me some money vich  
I'd nearly got whea he  
Mary's P'liceman with big whiskers  
took a sly glance at me.

Then the father starving dodge with an  
infant I did try,  
I paid sixpence for a baby vich I pinch'd  
to make it cry.  
This dodge don't pass so well just now  
the only reason is  
That babies used to be so cheap, but ba-  
bies now is riz.  
But an old gent with the gout, I saw  
pull his purse out,

And I should ha' got summat wery  
handsome I've no doubt,  
But I dropt the baby in the mud, as a  
voice exclaim'd to me,  
"Move on" and Mary's P'liceman took  
a sly glance at me.

Once I'd walk'd so werry fur my legs I  
could not keep,  
So I sat down on a door step and I quick-  
ly fell asleep,  
And in my sleep I had some dreams  
of, oh, such pleasant things,  
I thought I was the friend of princes,  
emperors and kings.  
I was at the court of France, far away  
from that sly glance,  
A waiting with the Empress who had  
just ask'd me to dance.  
I squeeze'd her hand, she squeeze'd mine  
that squeeze it wake up me,  
And the P'liceman, not the Empress,  
took a sly glance at me.

Now P'liceman is a useful lot, does  
some good I decasy,  
At least when they're not wanted, they  
are always in the way,  
I've heard it said as in olden times they  
used to torture, bake and burn,  
But what torture's like that P'liceman's  
sly glance I've yet to learn.  
Go where, do what I will, that sly glance  
is on me still.  
I wish I was an M.P., I would then bring  
in this Bill.  
If a P'liceman saw an honest man as liv'd  
by reguery,  
That P'liceman should be hung for only  
one sly glance at he

### Or any other Gal.

SUNG BY FRED. FRENCH.  
L'ENFANT, 18, Rathbone Place.

Kind folks, I lov'd a maiden once,  
Her name was Sally Bell,  
How she serv'd this individual,  
Listen, and I will tell.  
Oh! she really was a beauty,  
Oh, such a charming girl,  
A reg'lar blue-eyed Venus,  
Was my once lov'd faithless Sal.  
She had such a lovely figure,  
And such a graceful walk,  
And her tongue it was like honey,  
Whenever she did talk.  
But now she's gone and left me,  
That fair deceitful Sal,  
And I lov'd her, oh, better by far  
Than any other gal.

As we were walking out one day,  
So happy arm in arm,  
"Here comes my cousin Smith," says  
she,  
Now don't feel alarmed,  
Up came a heavy swell with such  
fearful stock of hair,  
And shook my Sally by the hand,  
And gave a wicked leer.  
Says he, "Dear how d'ye do,"  
I know I then look'd blue.  
But before she spoke I said, "Sir,"  
What's that to do with you,  
Says I, "this is my Sal  
And stick to her I shall,  
Go and find another cousin, Sir,  
Or any other gal."

You may guess my astonishment.  
When Sal let go my arm,  
And took hold of her cousins,  
Which I thought was rather warm.  
Says I, "Sal what d'ye mean by this?"  
Says she, "don't be a fool!"  
"It's all right," said her cousin,  
"My dear Sir, take it cool."  
To strike him I felt inclined,  
But he was so jolly tall,  
And I felt at that moment,  
So particularly small,  
"This is an old acquaintance  
"Of mine says, "faithless Sal,  
"For you really are too soft for me,  
Or any other gal."

My ears I could scarce believe,  
'Twas such a fearful shock.  
At such a piece of impudence,  
My brain was burning hot.  
Off arm in arm they walked,  
And when lost to my view,  
I thought for a few moments,  
What course I should pursue,  
I thought I'd take a dram,  
My misery to drown,  
But the spirits would not keep me up  
For I kept tumbling down.  
I passed that night in a police cell,  
Forget it I never shall.  
And I'll never love another soul,  
Or any other gal.

### Snow White Blossoms

BARKER.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK REID.

Come let us wander forth, Annie,  
The sun is warm and bright;  
Come let us leave our homes awhile,  
With hearts and footsteps light.  
Down by the little woodland grove,  
Oh! let us onward go,  
Where oft the cuckoo's voice is heard,  
And sweet May flowers grow;  
There we will tell our tales of love  
And pass the hours away,  
Near the little snow-white blossoms,  
So beautiful are they.

'Mid smiling nature's varied charms,  
We'll roam and chat awhile,  
Our hearts unsway'd by anxious care,  
Our tongues untouch'd with guile.  
Secluded from the world around,  
From busy lane and street,  
The bright blue sky above our heads,  
The daisies at our feet,  
There we will linger side by side  
Till evening fades away,  
Near the little snow-white blossoms  
So beautiful are they.

### I Know a Bank

Music Published by Horn.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme  
grows—  
Where oxlips and the nodding violets  
grows;  
There sleeps the fairy queen, some time  
of night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and  
delight.



## NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

### Am I Right— or any other Man?

As Spoken by MR. WEST at the London Music-Halls with great Success.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I appear once more before you, to address myself with respect to my political opinions. And when a man gets up to say, and knows, and understands what he is going to say before he says it, is a man, or any other Man?

The subject of this evening's discourse is the world. What is the world? Nothing but two hemispheres revolving on its own axis. Who discovered the world? Robinson Crusoe. Am I right, or any other Man?

Now, there's Lord Palmistone; if he wasn't born in the regular course of Nature, what's that to the Cure. Am I right, or any other Man?

What did Julius Cæsar say to Jerribaldi at Sebastopol, and what's the Bishop of London to do with it? Am I right, or any other Man?

If the Thames-tunnel was to come in to a direct course with the General Steam Navigation Company, what's that to do with Heenan's coming over here for the Champion's belt? Am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the subject:—Didn't Spurgeon say in his pulpit that Louis Napoleon was 45th cousin to the Gorilla? What did President Lincoln say when he met the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Bull's Run. Didn't he say that Spurgeon's Tabernacle would make a good Soup-Kitchen? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

What does it say in chap. 2, verse 22d of the History of the Nations of the Uninhabited Islands? Doesn't it say what belongs to the man belongs to the woman, what belongs to the woman belongs to herself, and as much more as she can clap her hand upon? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

A word or two on iron-clad ships. Who first discovered ships? Why Alfred the Great. And what did Alfred the Great say when he saw Lord Nelson at the Battle of Waterloo? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the subject:—Now supposing a young man having nothing, marries a female having the same amount of property, and they put both their things together, who does the things belong to? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If a man can't marry his deceased wife's sister, can't he marry her if she wasn't deceased; and what's General Windham or the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do with it? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If a man's wife should kiss another man, and he chose to kiss her again, what is it to Dr. Teemple? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If Lord Derby did go with Nancy in the Strand, what's Shakespeare to do with it. Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the subject:—

If Holloways's Pills and Ointment cures the blues the gout and the—  
What's that to Lord Byron? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If Mary of Argyll had a child by Oliver Cromwell, and Young Windham married her, who does the child belong to? Mr. Chambers, or any other Man?

### The Sly Glance.

NEW VERSION BY G. SIDNEY.

One evening in my bed room so thoughtfully I sat,

How to manage for the best, in fact what to be at;

My Landlady then entered, and hinted so polite

That six weeks rent was due to her that very night;

In course of conversation, so delicate I said,

If ever an idea she entertained to wed; Her apron string she twisted, supposed she ne'er should be,

Who would ever fancy her, with a sly glance at me.

I complimented, flatter'd her the rent was quite forgot,

Being short of money, struck the iron whilst 'twas hot;

A sovereign I borrowed, which she granted readily,

So with wardrobe in my carpet bag, bid adieu to No., 3.

But cruel Fate ordained, soon we should meet again.

One day beneath an archway taking shelter from the rain,

Who should run so suddenly, by the side of me,

But my Landlady who took an ugly glance at me.

To her very chilling looks, the rain did far prefer,

When at a little distance observed a milliner,

A previous introduction, created fresh alarms,

When uplifted I beheld, a chubby pair of arms.

So pressing she enquired, where of late I had been,

As for a twelvemonth anywhere, me she had not seen;

The little mortal looked, and appeared to see

Her darling dear Hope, took a sly glance at me.

I appointed on that very night her again to meet,

As through the heavy falling rain, made a quick retreat;

But on that very evening, another Lady did espy,

I could not really withstand, her little killing eye;

To the Park, then being dusk, for a stroll we went

To my pressing invitation, she quickly did assent;

Whilst seated, to obtain a kiss, I was making free,

When a Bobby with his bull's eye, took a sly glance at me.

But now I have forgotten, all those naughty tricks,

To lead a steady life I mean, on a with to fix,

Should there be one here present, a Lady passing fair,

I am ready now to marry, a fact I do declare.

My early life I have detailed, everything to you,

But my ways intend to alter (s)ir, a lady's name will alter too,

So Ladies if for better, for worse, you will have me,

Signify the same and cast, a sly glance at me.

### "Didn't She seem to like it?"

Air—"Early in the Morning."

One night I went out for a spree,

Some adventures just to see,

I soon met a lady fair,

At her I winked—I do declare.

Didn't she seem to like it,

Didn't she seem to like it,

Didn't she seem to like it,

Upon my word she did.

I went to her, had a talk,

Invited her to take a walk,

Of course she said there was no harm,

So politely, offered her my arm.

Didn't she seem to like it.

She declared I was so kind,

Of course I said, Oh! never mind,

Into a house we entered in,

I called for stout but she drank—

Didn't she seem to like it.

For an oyster supper, I was bent,

To join me she was quite content,

Six dozen had, I think about,

But then the extra double stout.

Didn't she seem to like it.

At last she saw a fine young man,

To converse with him began.

She left me saying with a grin,

I had him, for oysters, stout, & gin.

Oh! didn't they seem to like it.

Whilst standing by myself alone,

Found my watch and chain had gone,

I caught her, how she did entreat,

But she was taken to Bow street,

And she didn't seem to like it.

Next morning I was early there,

To prosecute this lady fair,

Of course her fate, she did bewail,

For six months she was sent to goal.

And she didn't seem to like it.

So warning young men take I pray,

From fair ones leading you astray;

For you will find that every one,

Will go the entire hog or none.

And don't they seem to like it  
And don't they seem to like it  
And don't they seem to like it  
There's no mistake in that.

## NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

### OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn,  
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
The lark springs from the corn,  
Dogs, huntsmen, round the winding throng,  
Fleet Towler leads the cry,  
Arise the burden of my song,  
This day a stag must die,  
With a hey, ho, chevy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,  
Hark, hark, tantivy,  
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes it's merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale.  
The upland wilds they sweep along,  
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,  
The game is roused too true the song,  
This day a stag must die,  
With a hey, ho, &c.

Or stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,  
The tears run down thy face,  
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
His joys were in the chase;  
Like the generous sportsman burns,  
To win the blooming fair,  
Not yet he honours each by turns,  
They each become his care.  
With a hey, ho, &c.

### ALL NATURE SALUTES THE NEW DAY.

Arise, jolly sportsmen, the sunbeams of morn  
Illumine the mountains, and crimson the thorn  
The lark spreads his wings, & to heaven's porch  
He flies,  
As the dew drops of night on the forest leaf die  
The linnet's sweet carol resounds from the spray  
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Arise, jolly sportsmen, the dogs are awake,  
And the birds in full chorus, from brier to brake  
The ploughman is whistling, the mill clapper goes  
And the blush of Aurora, more fresh than the rose  
From the light rays of morning the owl flaps away  
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Up, up, my brave fellows! the fox has broke  
ground,  
And the hare from her form looking fearfully  
round;  
The hawk-butcher's mounted the regions of air  
while the victim-bird trembles with fear & despair

Every hill, fold, & valley looks cheerful & gay,  
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

### MY VILLAGE HOME

My village home, my village home,  
How dear thou art to me,  
Tho' many years have passed away,  
Since last I quitted thee.  
The hills and dales are green as then,  
The lark sings just as gay!  
But those I loved are changed and gone,  
For ever passed away.

The village church, the village church,  
I see it 'mid the trees.  
Again I hear those merry bells,  
Upon the passing breeze,

The valley green, the silver brook,  
Are all beloved by me,  
But those I prized above them all,  
I never more shall see.

My village home, &c.

### BEAUTIFUL STAR,

Sung by W. S. WAMBOLD.

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,  
Softly falls thy silvery light,  
As thou movest from earth afar,  
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye they seem to say,  
Follow me; come, from earth away!  
Upward thy spirit's pinions try  
To realms of love beyond the sky.

To realms of love, &c.

Shine, oh, star of love divine!  
May our souls' affection twine  
Around thee, as thou movest afar  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!

Star of the twilight, &c.

### Love, Thou Maddening Power,

Love, thou madd'ning pow'r  
I feel thy dart:  
Sighs, every anxious hour,  
Speak my tortured heart.  
Ah! vain, ah! hopeless grief,  
I woo thy stay  
Be thou my sad relief,  
Wearing my life away.

# NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS

## OH WOULD SHE BUT NAME

THE DAY,

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,"  
or the POWER OF LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. A. ST. ALBYN.

Oh would she but name the day,  
On which I shall call her mine;  
Or would I could but hear her say,  
Sweetheart, I am only thine.  
But she, when her lips have led  
Me her consent to pray,  
Cries, with a toss of her head,  
Never shall be the day.

Oh would I could but hear her say,  
Him for husband will I take;  
Love him, honour, and obey,  
That's certain the least to break.  
And could I but one kiss gain,  
I'd be at need no saying nay;  
Once victor o'er her disdain  
I'd soon make her name the day.

## An Angel Form in dreams Beheld

BALLAD.

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,"  
or the POWER OF LOVE.

Sung by Mr. W. HARRISON.

An angel form in dreams beheld  
Still charms my fancy's wakeful eyes,  
And morning's light has not dispelled  
The radiance of its lovely guise.  
Still hovering near on buoyant wings,  
It bends o'er me its benignant gaze;  
And in mine ear its sweet voice rings  
This wildest of all love-lorn lays,  
"Beloved by thee, myself to know,  
I'd welcome give eternal woe."

Her beaming eyes were like in hue  
The azure deeps of summer air,  
Her smile might hope and love renew  
Within the blank breast of despair,  
And hovering near on buoyant wings,  
She bent on me a wistful gaze;  
Still in mine ear her sweet voice rings  
This wildest of all love-lorn lays,  
"Beloved by thee, myself to know,  
I'd welcome give eternal woe."

## Our Hearts are not our Own

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,"  
or the POWER OF LOVE.

Sung by Miss REBECCA ISAACS.

Our hearts are not our own to give,  
They yield without a sign,  
Nor in our keeping seem to live,  
When once Love says otherwise.  
In vain would reason's rebel voice  
The tyrant overthrow;  
Did fate accord the power of choice,  
I would with our fond hearts go,  
I knew not that I'd lost my heart,  
Till it, securely won,  
Love begg'd so pitious a part,  
I sought, and found the noose,  
But o'er the theft I now rejoice,  
Such bliss from thence did flow;  
Did Heaven accord the power of choice,  
I would with my fond heart go.

## THERE WAS A TIME.

Sung by Mr. P. Corri. Words by Mr. Carpenter.  
Music by Mr. Knight.

Published by Davidson, Peter's Hill, St. Pauls.

There was a time, there was a time  
When I was young and free,  
And every day the village chime  
Brought happier hours to me,  
The memory of some olden song,  
Some scene, or flower, or tree,  
Oft brings to mind the merry throng  
That sported there with me.

There was a time, there was a time,  
That told us we must part,  
And the once loud village chime  
Well sadly on my heart,  
I bade farewell to the old gray town,  
And on the village green,  
No more at evenings peaceful hour,  
My merry friends were seen.

There was a time,  
But once again—oh, once again,  
More joyous days appear;  
Again the bells sound o'er the plain,  
And good old friends are near;  
Again I hear the merry throng  
Beneath the old oak tree,  
And see around the happy throng  
That sported there with me.  
Oh, once again—oh, once again,  
Those joyous days appear;  
Again the bells sound o'er the plain,  
And good old friends are near.



## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### Sally Sly

WRITTEN BY FRANK HALL.

MUSIC AT FOSTER & CO.,  
6, HANOVER ST., REGENT ST., W

Oh, long I have sung of the sweet Nan-  
cy,  
Who lived in the Strand as you know,  
But she's given up her lodgings in the  
second floor,  
And has bolted with a feller call'd Joe.  
But I've got another gal, and her name  
it is Sal,  
The sweetest as ever was seen,  
Her eyes are so bright and she sheds her  
sweet light  
Up a court down in Bethnal Green.  
O Sally Sly! O crimine cry!  
You've given my buzzum a twister,  
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,  
'Tis Sally Sly, Bobby Sly's sister.

I think her eyes are brighter than Nan-  
cy's,  
One's green and the t'other is black,  
And she wears a belt with a little gold  
buckle,  
To show off the fall in her back.  
Her voice is so sweet as she cries cat-  
meat,  
And it's truth as I'm a sinner,  
Her eyes are her windows thro' which  
you see  
What Sally has had for dinner.  
Oh, Sally Sly, oh crimine cry!  
You've given my buzzum a twister,  
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,  
'Tis Sally Sly, Bobby Sly's sister.

She's been very ill with a cold in her  
nose,  
And the rheumatism in her heels,  
And the bile and lumbago in two of her  
toes,  
Which put the poor girl off her meals.  
She's cured at last by Morrison's Pills,  
And a tremende-ous big blister,  
So you have the blister and you have the  
pills,  
And I'll have Bobby Sly's sister.  
Oh, Sally Sly, oh crimine cry!  
You've given my buzzum a twister,  
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,  
'Tis Sally Sly, Bobby Sly's sister.

### Apartments To Let,

WRITTEN BY G. SIDNEY.  
COPYRIGHT.

Air—Lord Lovell.

Apartments to let in a window was seen  
In a house near Piccadilly.  
Where Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Bill Green,  
Call'd the apartments to see, see, see,  
Called the apartments to see.

Air—"The Cure."

Some men play such rogish tricks,  
Nor in honesty believe,  
Such were Messrs. Hicks, and Green,  
Both tickets had of leave;  
Mr. Hicks in fashion dress'd  
Knocked loud at the door,

To see the Lodging he express'd  
A wish and nothing more.

Air—"Low Back'd Car."

Mrs. Crumpey, was a widow  
Stout, and fifty-six,  
The knock she quickly answer'd,  
Admitted Mr. Hicks;  
The room he quick inspected,  
Was pleased with what he'd seen,  
The articles detected  
As he winked at Mr. Green.  
Who was opposite, without,  
Looking all about,  
A knock at the door,  
Mr. Green to be sure,  
The apartments called to see.

Air—"One Horse Shay."

Mr. Hicks alone was left,  
So he cleared from right and left  
All the little articles he could see,  
As she admitted Mr. Green,  
Whom from the notice he had seen,  
Called the apartments just to see.

Air—Early in the Morning.

Mr. Hicks with pockets full of store,  
Met Mrs. C. just at the door;  
As Mr. Green she did admit,  
Mr. Hicks made his exit  
He would see her in the morning.  
He would see her in the morning.  
He would see her in the morning,  
Or perhaps he would write.

Air—Young Man from the Country.

Mr. Green was in a hurry, and again  
would call,  
If she was engaged, it matter'd not at all  
Mr. Hicks was out of sight, said Green  
"Oh, Mrs. C.,  
I'll call again to-morrow, your apart-  
ments just to see.

Air—Sheepskin and Beeswax.

Mrs. C did quickly see, the room you  
needn't doubt it;  
And observed some articles missing  
from about it;  
Some table cloths and plate, gone from  
her observation;  
So amongst her neighbours all, she made  
a great sensation.  
Here, there, and everywhere, policemen  
from each station;  
For Mr. Hicks was looking out, who  
caused the great sensation.

Air—The Whole Hog or None.

Now Mr. Hicks they could not see,  
Nor in the least could trace;  
A gent he was, said Mrs. C.,  
I thought so by his face.  
So proprietors of rooms to let,  
And you wish them to be seen;  
Mind done knows you do not get,  
Like Mrs. C., by Hicks and Green.

Air—Old English Gentleman,

It is a real fact, which you may believe,  
A national disgrace are the ticket men of  
leave!  
When but half their punishment  
They have only done,

They are allowed by government,  
To go the whole hog or none.

### Oh! Fie, Miss Smart.

Written and Sung by E. W. Mackney,  
Music at Foster & Co. 16 Hanover St.

Air—GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART

The gas lights fade, good folks are sleep-  
ing,  
The watch-dog growls at cat and thief,  
And I can see your black eyes weeping  
To drown your grief—to drown your  
grief.  
My heart once 'guess'd 'twas false a  
larm—  
But now I know you've sigh'd a sigh  
In a dark rival's "long pine" arms,  
Oh, fie, Miss Smart, oh fie,

Your dad is up,—the owl is blinking,  
Off goes the train with third class fare,  
The sun of a fine day is thinking,  
Yet you are there, yet you are there,  
Well though your love has often stray'd,  
I thought it back again would hie,  
And I'll forgive you though I said,  
O, fie Mrs Smart, oh fie.

### Hazel Dell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
Nelly loved so long:  
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keep-  
ing,  
Nelly lost and gone.  
Here in moonlight often we have wan-  
der'd  
Thro' the silent shade;  
Now where leafy branches drooping  
downward,  
Little Nelly's laid.

Chorus.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,  
In the Hazel Dell,  
For my darling Nelly's near me sleep-  
ing,  
Nelly, dear, farewell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping  
Where the flowers wave;  
And the silent stars are nightly weeping  
O'er poor Nelly's grave.  
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cher-  
ished,  
Smile no more for me.  
Ev'ry dream of joy, alas has perished,  
Nelly, dear, with thee.

All alone, &c

Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsa-  
ken,  
Watching here alone:  
Nelly thou no more wilt fondly cheer me  
With thy loving tone.  
Yet for ever shall thy gentle image,  
In my mem'ry dwell;  
And my tears thy lonely grave shall  
moisten,  
Nelly, dear, farewell.

All alone, &c.

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### 1851, and 1862.

Music by Music Publishing Company,  
19, Water's Hill, St. Paul's.

In eighteen hundred and fifty one,  
To London town I came,  
To see the Crystal Palace,  
Of which I'd heard the fame.  
By the Cockney lads how I was bit,  
I need not tell to you;  
But, tho' they had me in fifty-one,  
They won't in sixty-two!

One day, whilst walking up the street,  
A man pick'd up a ring,  
He wip'd it clean upon his sleeve,  
Then it to me did bring;  
You may purchase it for a crown," said  
he;  
Said I, "That dodge won't do:  
You had me to rights in fifty-one,  
But you won't in sixty-two!"

A man came, lately, up to me,  
A razor fine to sell;  
About its wondrous qualities,  
Such tales to me did tell.  
Said he, "My boy, 'twill cut a hair;"  
Said I, "That may be true,  
But, though you shaved me close in  
fifty-one,  
You don't in sixty-two!"

In a crowd of folks I found myself,  
Last Monday afternoon;  
I'd left my purse and fisker at home,  
When I felt a man, quite soon,  
Insert his fingers in my pouch;  
Says I, "I'm one with you,  
If I lost my watch in fifty-one,  
I'll watch it in sixty-two."

At an hotel, where I stopp'd a week,  
But left the other day,  
Though a weekly bill, 'twas rather  
strong,  
Which I refused to pay.  
The landlord said, "You paid before;"  
Said I, "My friend that's true,  
But that, you know, was fifty-one,  
But now it's sixty-two."

One item in the landlord's bill  
Was of candles just a score,  
Which I, of course, refused to pay,  
Though I paid when there before;  
But then I only burned them half,  
Which the hotel keeper knew,  
So the halves I left in fifty-one,  
Made it quits in sixty-two.

In a carriage, on the railway,  
A gent accosted me,  
Then from his pocket pulled three cards  
'And placed them on his knee;  
This court-card," said he, "I'll bet a  
pound,  
You can't pick from t'other two,  
Said I, "I tried in fifty-one,  
But I don't in sixty-two."

I saw some sheffield plated goods,  
At an auction being sold;  
There were half a dozen knowing blades  
Bidding up quite bold;  
One said to me, "Will you spring a  
pound?"

Said I, "No that won't do:  
I perhaps was green in fifty-one,  
But I'm brown in sixty-two."

A man with bannel jacket on,  
And elbows rather worn,

A ticket wanted me to buy  
Of a watch he had in pawn.  
Says he, "It's in for two pounds ten,  
But it's worth five pounds to you;  
Said I, "Once bit in fifty one,  
Twice shy in sixty-two."

I passed a public-house to day,  
A swell stood there outside,  
He call'd me in the skittle-ground,  
A wager to decide.  
'Is that pin up or down?" said he,  
Said I, "'Tween me and you,  
If I wasn't quite up in fifty-one,  
I'm down in sixty-two."

So now, my friends, a warning take,  
As you walk up and down,  
For sharps abound, make no mistake,  
In this fam'd London town;  
Their eyes are open night and day—  
One hint, and then adieu,  
If you went to sleep in fifty-one,  
Keep awake in sixty-two.

### THE SNEEZE. Or Dundreary's brother Sam.

Arranged by Herbert SANTLEY.  
Music at L'ENFANT & HODGKINS,  
18, Rathbone Place, W.

It's weally very odd, that folks  
Won't let a fellow sneeze,  
I've been trying all the day and  
Yet I cannot do it with ease,  
But stop—er—(trying to sneeze) no,  
I think—er—(trying to sneeze) no,  
I never shall I doubt,  
Spoken—"I wish I could do it or let  
it alone."

It's one of those  
Things I suppose  
That no fellow can find out.

I was going to sneeze just now, I thought  
When a fly perch'd on my nose;  
And if that fly had not perch'd there,  
I think I should have sneezed,  
Sneezed! that's not right,  
At least not quite,

I've a wrong word used no doubt,  
Spoken.—Let's see—how is that?  
sneezing sneeze—no that's not  
right—sneezing sneezing sneeze, no—I've  
mixed it up somehow, ah well—

It's one of those  
Things, I suppose  
That no fellow can make out.

I've come down here to try and stop  
The mawing of my brother,  
As I'm his only relative  
Except my gwooms godmother,  
Who that's not right,  
At least not quite,  
There's something wong pepp'd out.

Spoken.—What is it? I know, my ser-  
vant's father was my godmother's gwoom,  
yes then what relation is my servant to  
me, if my servant's godmother was my  
father's gwoom I am my gwooms father's  
horse's godmother—no that's not right  
—ah well

It's one of these

Things, I suppose  
That no fellow can find out.

Dundreary is a lunatic,  
He's got into a habit  
Of wanting to get mawied,  
He's mad as a welch wabbit.  
If he gets wed,  
The lawyer said,  
He will children have no doubt.

Spoken.—And if he has children I  
shall lose the property, because his first  
son will be his WAHER—wabbit! no that's  
not the word—his HAIR—no he can't be  
his HAIR because he wears a wig and  
that's a bwbn one died black and it's  
been died so often it must be quite dead  
by this time—his his—ah well

It's one of those  
Things, I suppose  
That no fellow can find out.

I wonder whose apartment  
This is! mine it's not,  
And I don't think it's my sisters  
Cause a sister I've not got,  
No, let me see  
Whose can it be,  
It's somebody's no doubt—

Spoken.—If I had a sister I wonder  
whether this would be her apartment:  
lets see if I take apartments in a house  
the whole house is mine—no, I mean—  
I take a house none of the apartments  
are mine no—I mixed it up somehow—  
ah well

It's one of those  
Things, I suppose  
That no fellow can find out.

Dundreary's waiting for me, I'm  
My brother's brother Sam.  
Stop I think I'm going to sneeze,  
Yes, as sure as fate I am,  
Er—(trying to sneeze) no not yet,  
Why can't you let  
it alone or do it pway,  
What can it be  
So prevent me (sneezes after an effort)  
I've sneezed at last, hooray.

### Stars of the Summer Night.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Stars of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light:  
She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Moon of the summer night,  
Far down yon azure steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light:  
She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night,  
Tell her her lover keeps watch,  
While, in slumbers light,  
She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

# NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS,

## MACBETH BE-WITCHED.

A COMIC SCENA.

FROM THE "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 237-9

A drum, a drum,  
Macbeth doth come.  
SPOKEN.—The ensuing Scotch History is en-  
veloped in fog and mystery, and to plunge at  
once into the fog, and the middle of the mist, be-  
kind enough to imagine that my march is tun-  
ing up in the distance. (MACBETH'S MARCH IS  
PLAYED.) Don't you hear it? We're just arriving  
at an audible pitch. Now we're descending the  
hills. Now we're crossing the bridge. Now I'm  
coming on I am the Thane of Cawdor, and this  
is the BLASTED heath.

AIR.

Three weird hags, three weird hags,  
All clad in rags, broomsticks for nags,  
They stopp'd Macbeth upon the heath,  
They told the Thane of Cawdor's death,  
And hail'd him King in the self-same breath,  
Did those weird hags.

SPOKEN.

"Hail! hail! hail!"

Those are hail-stones pouring,  
"King thou shalt reign!"  
That's rain in torrents roaring.  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
When stolen from a hen roost,  
And whir'd through the air;  
Vanish like lightning,  
And all them with wonder.  
There fits, the lightning—  
And there growls the thunder.

CHORUS.

New Lady Macbeth was a good more dire  
Than e'er sat on a toad-stool, or fed on hell-fire;  
And she vow'd to her lord that if he would  
mount higher,  
He must do a deed of note most dire.

SPOKEN.

He screw'd his courage up by getting right a  
bit,  
And when half-screw'd, resolved to make a night

RECITATIVE; (TRIZOLO.)

"Go! tell thy mistress, when my toady's not,  
She agitates the communicator on the spot.

(BELL RINGS.)

Is this a dagger (STARTS), that's before me  
pointing?  
Making me tremble every limb and joint in;  
'Tis there, I see it. Come blade, let me clutch  
thee, (GRASPS.)

It strikes me forcibly I didn't touch thee.  
I dinna ken, but I'm the waur for drinkin',  
For I'm muckle sure it's gane. Mine eyes, like  
winking,

Deceive my sense. Loot, loot, I ken thee still,  
And draps o' bluid that mak' the feelings chill.

AIR.—"The Mania."

I see it dancing on the wall,  
And gout's of blood by no means small;

Oh, hear it not, oh, hear it not,  
Lady Mac, oh Lady Mac, (BELL RINGS.)

Hear it not, Duncan, for that bell's intention  
Summons thee to the place we never mention.

(KNOCKING AT INTERVALLS CONTINUED.)

Whence is that knocking? It awakes me quite,  
I've raddish hand, my heart is turn'd white.

He has turn'd up his toes, a sight most shocking  
That turn'd up bed—Will, will you stop that  
knocking? (KNOCKING CEASES.)

AIR.

Stop that knocking, oh stop that knocking—  
Oh, they'll never stop that knocking at the door.  
Stop that knocking, stop

SPOKEN.—For the sake of brevity we will  
now assume that Duncan is settled for life, that  
he is a good man of life and death, and having  
done all he can, at this period of his history,  
we have every right to consider him a Duke.  
Not so Macbeth, for having turned up his toes,  
and won all the honours to himself, he puts  
down poor Banquo by an odd trick, learns to  
play upon FIVE, and ultimately sends to the  
dickens by a very slow sweep, the whole  
brood of his chickens.

AIR.

Let's dance, let's dance upon the heath,  
We've won rare fun by Duncan's death.

So sung with glee the witches three;  
Midst direst spells and sorcery.

Old Banquo dead, to Macbeth a dread  
Shall straight be led, with his gory head.

And while they greet, in 'hot and sweet',  
We'll hallow our daggers of whisky meat.

The feast is rare, the king is there,  
And a hump of Scottish lasses,  
When Macbeth cries, "Gentle, I rise,"  
Be pleased to fill your glasses.

SPOKEN.

I thank you for your company, and still am in  
your debt.

But it's very odd that Banquo hasn't come to  
our banquet;

I'm sure I need but speak his name to win your  
cheers.

Here's to our old friend Banquo, then, and  
would that he were here.  
(WITHOUT.) Hear! hear!

RECITATIVE; (TRIZOLO.)

Avant! and quit my sight, begone. He's sit-  
ting on that chair.

He plays a tune upon his bones. Oh! spectre,  
stop that AIR:

He shakes a' his gory locks, he's mockin'  
with his eyes;  
I'd cry avant! but joke I can't, unreal mock-

who's been and gone and done this deed? Don't  
work at me, false Thane;

Spectre, go home, (MUSIC STOPS.) Why, as  
being gone, I've gain'd my pluck again.

SPOKEN.—Such was the observation of Mac-  
beth on the departure of Banquo's spirit, when  
having facetiously observed that he was de-



NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS,

lighted to give up the ghost, he resolved to try his luck at Acheron, by taking pot-luck with the witches.

Then did he learn Macbeth should not be slain,  
Till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane;  
That no man, woman, born, should take his life,  
And also, to beware of firm and safe.

Broken. — That is the first and drum which  
elicited the warblers.

March, march, Siward and Thane of Fife,  
Ten thousand Britons are over the border;  
March, march, soon will we take his life,  
Cut down the fir-trees and bear them in order.  
Seyton then out the forest and quickly marked a

“See, Birnam wood to our castle has moved,  
“Liar and slave, d’ye see, if thou speakest reality  
You shall be hanged, sir, or — I’ll be suspended.”

Curse Birnam wood, oh, would that I could  
These moving sights move me to returning;  
Hang out the banners, quick — Blow wind, come  
wreck —

(Enter Macduff, and cries) “Turn, hell-hound,  
back,

No woman born am I, no parents know’d,  
Was hatched by steam, and Topsy-like I grew;  
Tyrant, the Thane of Fife is here to smite thee;  
Therefore — it’s all the same to you, an’ I say

Then yield thee, coward:  
bear,

To be bull-baited; no I won’t, I swear:  
The Birnam wood hath reach’d Macbeth’s abode  
And thou opposed whom never gentles know’d,  
Yet will I try the last. Lay on, Macduff,  
Thrust! — who, who first cries out, “Suff’r!”

(HERE THE COMBAT TAKES PLACE)  
“A — Duncan Gray.”

Duncan’s whose did Macduff know,  
Shrouded in mystery,  
Fell Macbeth was fell’d in fight,  
False mortal was he.

Alas, in vain this Douglas-lane,  
Read the scroll, dispell’d his reign,  
So having kill’d our kill’d Thane,  
Thus ends his history.

BONNIE BESSIE GRAY.

By C. W. Glover, music by C. Jeffrey’s, 22,  
Soho Square, London.

Yestern I met a winsome lass,  
A bonnie lass was she —  
As ever climb’d the mountain side  
Or tripped about the lea:  
She wore no gold nor jewels bright,  
Nor silk nor satin rare,  
But just the plain that a Queen  
Might well be proud to wear;  
I could na help a glance or twa,  
And as she tripp’d away —  
I saw the bright blush on the cheek  
Of bonnie Bessie Gray.

Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie,  
Gray.

And I saw this a happy land,  
Where she like leaves threw their smiles;  
Where the hill and dale  
May go to far-off shores

Where waters run with gold,  
Where nae be seen happy there,  
Tho’ all be true and good,  
They’ve not the bonnie Bessie Gray.

To light them on their way —  
Give them their gold — give me the girl,  
Of bonnie Bessie Gray,  
Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie,  
Gray.

The roses on her dimpled cheek  
Gleam’d with the lilies there;  
She was a sparkling gem of white and blue,  
Shine with her auburn hair;  
I win now of heart at times, seen  
When smiles light up her brow,  
And little rings in every word  
That leaves her Bonnie Bessie Gray.

For all the world can say,  
My wealth shall be to win the heart  
Of bonnie Bessie Gray,  
Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie, Bonnie Bessie,  
Gray.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.  
See, these ribbons gaily streaming,  
I’m a soldier now, Lizette;  
Yes, of battle I am dreaming;  
And the honour I shall get,  
With a sabre by my side,  
And a helmet on my brow,  
And a proud steed to ride,  
I shall rush on the foe,  
To slatter me, Lizette,  
Till a life that well will suit  
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to morrow,  
At the breaking of the day;  
And the trumpets will be sounding,  
And the merry symbols play;  
Yet before I say good-bye,  
And a last sad parting, take,  
As a proof of your love, Lizette,  
Wear this gift for my sake;  
When cheer up, own Lizette,  
Don’t grieve your beauty stain,  
Soon you’ll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette, to still be weeping,  
While there’s some in store for me;  
Think when home I am returning,  
What a joyful day ’twill be,  
When to church you’re fondly led,  
Like some lady, smartly dressed,  
And you shall wed,  
With a medal on his breast,  
But with welcome will salute,  
The gay bride of a young recruit.



## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### How's your Poor Feet.

WRITTEN BY G. W. HUNT.  
Music at L'ENFANT & HODGKINS,  
13 RATHBONE PLACE.

We have rare funny sayings come up e-  
very day,  
Ridiculous absurdities meet every way,  
The latest one out that we daily meet  
Is the peculiar question of "How's your  
poor feet?"

In the house, or the street, wherever  
you meet,  
The first question that's put to you's  
"How's your poor feet."

Now if one took the question not in it's  
right light,  
They'd answer well thank you my feet  
are all right,  
But a Novice the question don't know  
how to treat,  
When he's asked by a hundred friends,  
"How's your poor feet?"  
Should you be in the street, a friend  
chance to meet,  
The first thing he asks you is "How's  
your poor feet?"

I was taking a walk but a few days ago,  
When I happen'd to meet with a lady I  
know,  
From her looks I expected something  
sweet,  
When to my surprise she says "How's  
your poor feet?"  
But when in the street—it's really no  
treat,  
To be asked by so many—"How's your  
poor feet?"

T'other day I laid down being not very  
well,  
When I soon was awake by a ring at the  
bell,  
I went down to the door, when a girl in  
the street  
Said "Mothers compliments" "How's  
your poor feet."  
By Jove it's no treat—but whoever you  
meet,  
They're sure to be asking you "How's  
your poor feet?"

Now a Lady acquaintance Mrs. Julia  
Skeggs,  
Having met with an accident has Two  
Wooden Legs,  
One day she was hobbling along in the  
street,  
When some boys "hollered" out at her  
"How's your poor feet."  
As she walked in the street—to her  
what a treat,  
To be asked (having Wooden Legs)  
"How's your poor feet."

Now if ones feet were bad, and they  
could not get about,  
Or were troubled with Rheumatism or  
else the gout,  
Why—then I'd consider the question  
discreet,  
To ask the said person "well" "How's  
your poor feet."  
But now what a treat—if a person you  
meet,  
Though your feet are quite well, they  
say "How's your poor feet?"

Well I really think now I have said  
quite enough.

For to night upon such an absurd bit of  
stuff  
To stand and sing here all night—would  
not be a treat,  
If I did you might well say then "How's  
your poor feet."  
On this subject I'll treat—when next  
time we meet,  
So I'll wind up by asking you, "How's  
your poor feet."

### Rose of Hazeldeen.

Composed by J. W. CHERRY.  
Musical Copy & Co., New Burlington  
Street, W.

Along the lonely mountain side,  
At morn I chanced to stray,  
When summer shone in blooming pride,  
And all the world looked gay.  
I met a maid with tartan plaid,  
As fair as e'er was seen;  
I asked her name, she blushing said—  
"I'm Rose of Hazeldeen."  
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen,  
Dear thou'lt ever be to me,  
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.

Her breath, like lowering thorns, was  
sweet,  
As starlight was her eye;  
With every grace and charm replete,  
She like the fawn swept by.  
The birds sing sweeter to mine ear,  
The flowers are fairer seen;  
All Nature smiles when she is near—  
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.  
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen &c.

### A Little more Cider too.

I love the white gal and the black,  
And I love all the rest;  
I love the girls for loving me,  
But I love myself the best.  
Oh dear, I am so thirsty,  
I've just been down to supper;  
I drank three pails of apple-jack,  
And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus.

Oh a little more cider, too,  
A little more cider, too,  
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,  
A little more cider, too.

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,  
'Twas on Broadway I spied her,  
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,  
If I could be beside her.  
She looked at me, I looked at her,  
And then I crossed the street;  
And then she said to me—  
A little more cider sweet.

Oh, a little more cider, &c.

Oh, I wish I was an apple,  
And Snowflake was another;  
Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make,  
Upon a tree together.  
How bad the darkies all would feel,  
When on the tree they spied her,  
To think how we would be,  
When we're made into cider.

Oh, a little more cider, &c.

### Billy Pattison.

Oh, white folks listen unto me,  
Oh, Billy Pattison.  
The subject of my story, I'll tell unto  
thee,  
Don't tell me, don't tell me,  
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,  
Is oh, Billy Pattison.  
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,  
Don't tell me, don't tell me.

Chorus.

Billy Pattison, good-bye,  
I thank your horse will die,  
If he don't I'll ride again,  
If he does I'll tan his skin,  
I'll lay ten dollars down,  
I'll leave it in my will,  
Show me the man in this yer town,  
That struck my brother Bill.

I had a brother his name was Dick,  
Oh, Billy Pattison,  
Somebody hit him on the head with a  
brick,  
Don't tell me, don't tell me,  
Oh, what did he say when he came too,  
Oh, Billy Pattison.  
I say darkies this won't do,  
Don't tell me, don't tell me,  
Billy Pattison, &c.

If ever you go to Fiddler's Green,  
Oh, Billy Pattison,  
A lame old nigger is there to be seen,  
Don't tell me, don't tell me,  
In his right hand he holds a will,  
Oh, Billy Pattison.  
And this is the man that struck old Bill  
Billy Pattison, &c.

### Nil Desperandum,

J. BLOCKLEY.

In the morning of life, with bosom elate,  
The youth leaves the fond home of his  
heart.

To seek o'er the treacherous ocean his  
fate,  
And in life's busy scene take a part;  
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and  
care,  
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll  
never despair.

O'er ocean's expanse, tho' dark clouds  
arise,  
And storms in loud gusts sweep the  
waves,  
The tempest toss'd vessel right onward  
she flies,  
Yet the storm most terrible she braves  
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and  
care,  
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll  
never despair.

At length when the perilous voyage is  
o'er,  
And the vessel at anchor safe lies,  
How quickly he springs on his dear na-  
tive shore,  
And how swiftly then homeward he flies  
Then throwing off all his trouble and  
care,  
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll  
never despair.

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### I really couldn't help it.

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WRITTEN BY GEO. SYDNEY.

A charming girl the other day,  
In the street accosted me,  
Enquired if the exhibition  
I should like to see,  
In the fashion she was dress'd,  
With such a Crinoline,  
I invited her immediately  
To take a glass of wine.

I really couldn't help it  
Couldn't help it,  
I really couldn't help it,  
Nor any other man.

She was so agreeable,  
My affections soon did win,  
So lovingly entreated me  
To stand a pint of gin,  
My love then quickly vanished,  
As she called of Hodges best  
A pint she drank so readily,  
With the greatest zest.

She really couldn't help it,  
Couldn't help it,  
She really couldn't help it,  
She was such a lushy gal.

Of the Exhibition all ideas  
Vanished quite away,  
She said we might postpone it  
To another day,  
To dinner she supposed  
Together we should go,  
A denial I intended,  
I couldn't really say—No!

I really couldn't help it,  
Couldn't help it,  
I really couldn't help it,  
She was such a cunning gal.

So lovinly her arms  
Around me then she press'd,  
A kiss she took, likewise  
My watch from out my vest,  
A Policeman in plain clothes,  
The movement did perceive,  
Declared she was a thief,  
I scarcely could believe.

I really couldn't help it,  
Couldn't help it,  
I really couldn't help it,  
She was such a MODEST gal.

The Bobby she called crusher,  
A real sneak and brute,  
He took her to the station house,  
I declined to prosecute,  
The magistrate desired me,  
To give a notice, saying,  
For doing so, I said,  
Simply sir, because—

I really couldn't help it,  
Couldn't help it,  
I really couldn't help it,  
She was such a wicked gal.

She was known so well,  
SPOTTED was the phrase,  
The magistrate commented  
On her wicked ways,

Three months he only gave her,  
But if she came again,  
For trial he should send her,  
To plead would be in vain,

He really couldn't help it  
Couldn't help it,  
He really couldn't help it,  
She was such a wicked gal.

Her exceeding Lady Looks  
The day before express'd  
Disappearing she did not seem  
In the least distress'd;  
When the magistrate had finished,  
So imperient she said,  
All right, old black & months  
Upon my blessed head

Like a brick can do it,  
I can do it,  
I can do it,  
Like a brick can do it.  
Or any other gal.

### Where are you going on Sunday.

I am going to tell a story,  
And I wish you all good health,  
Now what I am going to tell you,  
Tis all about myself;  
My shopmates would be chaffing,  
And as I went along,  
Where are you going on Sunday?  
They all would halloo, Tom.

Chorus.

I'm going somewhere,  
Some funny sights to see,  
Where are you going on Sunday?  
They shouted after me.

Upon last Sunday morning,  
I dress'd myself so fine,  
With my new pork-pie hat,  
And a feather stuck behind;  
Off to the park I toddled,  
I kept going on a rum way,  
Lest how the people hallooed,  
Where are you going on Sunday?

I'm going somewhere, &c.

At the the boys did laugh,  
But onward straight I goes,  
And as they did chaff,  
Came a cowdab on my nose;  
Into my mouth it ran,  
And down my throat some way,  
So nicely I was done,  
When going out on Sunday

I'm going somewhere, &c.

I met a girl so fine,  
She was a charming creature,  
She had a crinoline,  
It would cover half an acre;  
So lovely was the weather,  
I thought it was a rum day,  
Then arm-in-arm together,  
We went along on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

We got into the Strand,  
The boys got focking round,

They hit my pork-pie hat,  
And bang sent in the crown.  
Me and my fair lass,  
Fell down together in some way,  
We nicely were stuck fast,  
When going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

They black'd my face with soot,  
Smash'd Mary's crinoline,  
Before I could get up,  
They my trousers split behind,  
The boys pulled out my shirt,  
Kept going on a rum way,  
I was smother'd in dirt,  
When going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

Poor Mary cut her stick,  
And bolted like a shot,  
She had lost her crinoline,  
And broke her you know what;  
Poor I was left alone,  
And in a very rum way,  
They may say when I get home,  
Where are you going on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

Up came a "bobby" then,  
It did me sore afflict,  
To the station-house me took,  
And sloughed me up all night;  
Charged me with being drunk,  
Before the "beak" on Monday,  
Five bob they made me pay  
For going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

No money I had got,  
So they gave the "bobby" a paper,  
To take me off to quod,  
A week to tread the chafer.  
The gov'nor look'd at me,  
When I came out on Monday,  
I say, old chap, said he,  
Where are you going on Sunday?

I'm going somewhere,  
Some funny sights to see,  
Where are you going on Sunday,  
They shouted after me.

### Come sit thee down,

SUNG BY MR. J. PLUMPTON.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny

love,  
Come sit thee down by me, love,  
And I will tell thee many a tale,  
Of the dangers of the sea;  
Of the perils of the deep, love,  
Where the happy tempests roar;  
And the raging billows wildly dash,  
Upon the growing shore.

Come sit thee down, &c.

The skies are flaming red, my love,  
The skies are flaming red, love,  
And dashy rolls the mountain wave,  
And rears its monstrous head,  
While skies and ocean blending,  
And bitter howls the blast,  
And the daring lar, 'twixt life and death  
Clings to the shatter'd mast!

Come sit thee down, &c.

# NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

## JOE IN THE COPPER.

I'm going to tell a story  
The truth of which I know,  
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,  
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.  
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house  
She was by no means proud,  
For 'twas one of those strict places,  
Where no followers are allowed!

I heard her once relate,  
How her mistress she did do,  
One evening when her Joseph came—  
And he was nigh done too.  
'One night,' said she, 'my missus went  
Quite early to the play,  
And just as if it was to be,  
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window—  
I opened the area gate,  
Let him in, and laid the cloth,  
For supper, ere 'twas late.  
As nice a ham as e'er you clapp'd  
Your two eyes on, we'd there.  
And, as luck would have it on that day,  
The man had brought the beer!

When all at once came Missus back—  
Whatever should I do!  
(She'd changed her mind about the play)  
So down the stairs I flew.  
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat,  
Into the copper slid.  
(Ah! lucky thought!)—but how I felt,  
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus, and said she,  
'We wash to-morrow morn,—  
You'd better light the copper fire,  
And make the water warm.'  
I nearly dropp'd down with amight,  
But I was forced to go,  
And dip the water, which I pour'd  
Into the copper, on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph,  
As the first hot roused his ire,  
'Don't never mind, the water dear,  
I won't make up much fire.'  
My missus brought the tuffer,  
And I was forced to strike it,  
And to light the fire—while poor Joe  
Kick'd as if he didn't like it.

I really sank, while he got hot,  
When a thought came in my head—  
Says I, 'mum since you have been out,  
One of your fowls is dead.  
She took the candle in her hand,

And by its flickering glimmer  
Joe boiled up the area step,  
Just as he began to simmer.

## ANNIE, DEAR, GOOD-BYE.

I'm meaning o'er the gate, Annie,  
'Neath thy cottage wall,  
The gray dawn breaks, the hour grows late,  
I hear the trumpet's call,  
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,  
The sad tear in thine eye—  
Thy heart, which laughs at what might quail,  
So, Annie dear, good-bye.

This heart, &c.

I'm marching with the brave, Annie,  
Far from home and thee,  
To win renown, perhaps a grave,  
A glorious one 'twill be,  
But whatso'er the fate I meet,  
To conquer or to die,  
This heart's last throb for thee will beat—  
So, Annie dear, good-bye.

This heart's, &c.

## MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Published by Duff and Hodgson Oxford St.

Sure, now, what are you crying for, Nelly,  
Don't be blubbering there like a fool,  
With the weight of your grief on your shoulders,  
Yell break down the three-legged stool.  
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,  
But don't believe a word that he'd say,  
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,  
Sure you know how he served up poor Kate.

Kearny,

'But mother'—'Oh! bother'  
'But mother he's going away'  
And I dream'd t'other night  
Of his ghost all in white,  
Oh mother, he's going away,  
He's going away all the better.

Blessed home when he's out of your sight,  
Theres one comfort you can't get a better,  
For he neither can read nor write,  
For 'twas only last week you married,  
When he courted fat Biddy Martin,  
That the night of the scamp you detected,  
Wid abuse, sure, your tongue never letted.

'But mother'—'Oh, bother'  
'But mother he's going away'  
And I dream'd that his ghost,  
Walked round my bed post,  
Oh, mother he's going away.



NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS  
NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

THE POWER OF LOVE.

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,  
or THE POWER OF LOVE"

Sung by MISS LOUISA PYNE.

RECITATIVE.

Myself once more, the Page I cease to play;  
All woman now, my soul resumes her sway.  
Though conscious love his waltz of heart denies,  
In dreamful visions let me charm his eyes!  
One blissful moment, let my true form seem;  
Below a queen, his fancy's worship'd Queen.

And the lost obey,  
Weeping evermore.  
Doubtless, my prize  
Smiles that never dies,  
Such thy power, oh, loyal  
Source of joy and woe,  
Foster of stern hate,  
Lord of light and gloom,  
Worn as call thee fate,  
Flare of thy spell,  
Vulture, thou, and dove,  
Language cannot tell  
Half thy power, oh, loyal

THE GLORIOUS VINTAGE  
OR CHAMPAGNE,

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,  
or THE POWER OF LOVE"

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. W. HARRISON.

When fortune frowns and friends forsake,  
And faith in love is dead;  
When man has nothing left so stake,  
To hope nor yet to dread,  
One god-like pleasure both remain,  
Worth all the joys he's lost,  
The glorious vintage of Champagne  
To drink of this life's cost.  
Let life's last song have for refrain  
The glorious vintage of Champagne.

When e'er by one fate all the beams,  
That lighted morning's path;  
So dull the world around us seems,  
At life itself we're wroth.  
New vigour then would we regain,  
Let's drink at some knave's cost.  
The glorious vintage of Champagne,  
Worth all the joys we're lost.  
Let life's last song, be

ROVERS, RULERS OF THE SEA

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. H. CORRI. in BALFE'S New  
Opera, "SATANELLA, or THE POWER  
OF LOVE."

RECITATIVE.

My brave companions, prone with me to dare  
Alike with peril, and each prize to share,  
Been friends as fraternal brothers in the strife,  
No let more joyous than the pirate's life.

ROVERS, RULERS OF THE SEA

Wildier than the wild waves we;  
Merry men in storm and fight,  
Danger's true name is delight.  
Rovers of the wild sea wave,  
Storm and battle but excite,  
Ever ready both to brave,  
Danger brings us fierce delight,  
When the winds have gone to sleep,  
And heav'n's mirror seems more false  
On the bosom of the deep,  
Mistful we the feast prepare.

Hovering round an hostile shore,  
Smiling we on fortune wait;  
Laugh we when the breakers roar,  
Towards only fear their fate.  
With the late won prize in hand,  
Careless of the world's disdain,  
Anchoring near some friendly strand,  
We from our power we gain.

IN SILENCE SAD HEART GO.

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,  
or THE POWER OF LOVE"

Sung by MISS LOUISA PYNE.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, me too human thou sad heart of mine!  
Sate not thy pain can make thee love resign,  
With woman's weakness woman's pride still keep  
Breath's sighs unheard, o'er anguish undimmed sleep

FALLAD.

Let not the world disdaining,  
Know grief was all thy gaining,  
But ever uncomplaining,  
In silence sad heart go.  
No longer love believing,  
Or e'er his falsehood grieving,  
Thyself with dreams deceiving,  
Increase sad heart thy woe.  
Let not the world disdaining,  
Know grief was all thy gaining,  
But ever uncomplaining,  
In silence sad heart go.

Still on thy rival smiling,  
His heart from thee beguiling,  
No wrath thy love defiling,  
In silence sad heart go.  
To fate thyself resigning,  
As heart to love inclining,  
In silence ever shining,  
Conceal, oh heart, thy woe.  
Let not the world disdaining,  
Know grief was all thy gaining,  
But ever uncomplaining,  
In silence sad heart go.

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### The Lodging-House Cat.

WORDS BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

MUSIC BY H. H. HOWARD.

Music Publishing Company,  
19, Peter's Hill, St. Paul's.

Oh, a wonderful monster there is to be found,  
Wherever we look this metropolis round  
So sly in its habits, and keen in its wiles,  
All other strange creatures it beats into fits.

When first it appear'd, how it came here to dwell,  
Neither Linneus nor Buffon is able to tell  
But this I can state, and you'll then  
smell a rat,  
It's commonly known as the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat,  
With its feet pit-a-pat,  
Beware of the monster,  
The Lodging-House Cat!

When first I arrived, jolly green up in town,  
And a lodging sought out where I might settle down,  
Whatever I missed, from a bone to a hat,  
I was always informed, that 't must be the cat!

'Dear me!' I would say, 'What a glut-tonous beast,  
His life seems to be one perpetual feast;  
The whale swallowed Jonah, but oh! as to that,  
It would swallow the whale, would the Lodging-House Cat!'

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Now, as small was my income, I deem'd it but wise,  
By cutting myself, to cut off the sup-plies;  
So, I took fresh apartments, without any fuss,  
And my luggage conveyed in a Camber-well bus;

But fancy, next morn, if I didn't look blue,  
When I found that the monster had changed lodgings too,  
And my butter, my bacon, my eggs, and all that,  
Had gone down the throat of the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Flesh and blood could not stand to be robb'd at that pace,  
So I rang for the misus, and stated my case,  
When she threw up her hands with an air of surprise,  
And declar'd I was telling a parcel of lies!

"Look here," I exclaimed; "No I shant rejoin'd she,  
"You're a wretch for insulting a lady like me,  
"I never steals nothing!" I answer'd her pat,  
"Of course not," the thief is the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Well, again I removed, and now grown an adept,  
I took care to inquire if a cat wasn't kept!

'Oh no! not a cat! but a kitten, so small  
It would go in a teacup, legs, body, and all!  
But, would you believe it, that kitten

affair,  
Might have made e'en a bee-constrictor to stare,  
For its swallow was such as to demon-strate flat,  
That the Lodging-House Kitten was worse than the Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

It entered, like magic, the small cham-ber-niere  
Where I looked up my 'baccy, my grog,  
and my beer,  
It rifled my boxes, and claimed as its own,

My toothpaste, Macassar, and Eau-de-Cologne;  
My scissors, my waistcoats, my powders,  
my pills,  
My bootjack, and meerschaum, all en-tered its gills—

'Yes, even my coals, but for mouse or for rat,  
Not the ghost of a taste had the Lodging-House Cat!

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

But of all the strange things I might ven-ture to name  
In this cataline plot, the most strange was this name—

Though traces there were where the monster had been,  
Like the famous sea-serpent, it never was seen!

I had physicked my brandy, and poison-ed my wine,  
But the animal's lives were nine hundred and nine;

So I vow'd, with an oath, which you'll scarce marvel at,  
I'd get rid, at all cost, of this Lodging-House cat!

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Well, I shut myself up in the cupboard one night,  
And lay you'll imagine, packed in rather tight,

Till I heard a faint footstep ascend the stairs fast—  
'Now, I said to myself, 'Here's the mon-ster, at last!'

A small bunch of keys reached the lock in a crack,  
And the door of the cupboard flew in-stantly back,

When a shriek rent the air—'Is that you Mr. Pratt?'  
'Oh yes marm, and you are the Lodging-House Cat!'

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

There are cats that are large, there are cats that are small;

There are cats with nine tails, and with no tails at all;

There are polecats, and mice, and cats, and cats,  
Cataracts, cataplasms, and catastrophes;

But of all cats to gobble, and all cats to cheat,

The worst is the monster that goes on two feet:  
So, bachelors all, take a hint from a flat  
Shun the sly Jack Sheppard, the Lodging-House Cat!

### I'm too fat to do it.

Tune—"Mrs. Johnson."

It is a fact I'm very stout,  
Like some find to walk about,  
Scarcely breath I can bring out,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

The boys so very saucy cry,  
Crikey! there's a prize pig guy,  
I cannot catch them tho' I try,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

An omnibus one day did stop,  
Inside I was going to pop,  
Ready to go upon the top,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

The conductor then began abuse,  
On the top to go I did not choose,  
For I tell you 'tis no use,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

One day I saw a lovely gal,  
Dress'd so neat, not fat-de-rat,  
Married he I never shall,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

She said do walk a little way,  
Something to you I have to say,  
I replied, excuse me, pray,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

For a husband, said that she,  
Far better or worse she would take me  
I answer'd her so seriously,  
I am too fat to do it.

Her hand and heart I did refuse,  
Such a valley gave me of abuse,  
My dear, I answered, 'tis no use,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

Around my neck her arms she threw,  
Took a kiss, my gold watch too,  
I tried to holla, that couldn't do,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

I followed but a little way,  
She was near a mile away,  
A policeman came, not a word could say,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

So excuse my longer stay,  
I really must go away,  
Breath I have no more to say,  
Cos I'm too fat to do it.

If you call some other night,  
To amuse you strive I might,  
At present evident 'tis quite  
I am too fat to do it.

### TOASTS.

MAY OUR PLEASURES CON-TINUE AND OUR SORROWS BE Distant.

MAY FRIENDSHIP DRAW THE COOK, AND LOVE THE CURTAIN

MAY THE HINGES OF FRIEND-SHIP NEVER RUST.